

THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

From the London viewpoint, American progress is American invasion.

General Botha has come to be the world's leading narrow-escape specialist.

Admiral Schley has received a mixed bunch of censure and praise, and can sort it out at leisure.

Scientists have yet to discover the microbe that causes an epidemic of crime.

Despite apprehension, the explosion of Aguinaldo's plots has not been followed by casualties.

President Roosevelt advocates making the Indians work, but he has not yet got around to telling how.

Mr. Macloy seems to be extraordinarily anxious to have people understand that he is not on the anxious seat.

Senator Depew was one of the Senators who did not vote on the Isthmian Canal Treaty, but he can prove an alibi.

In after years some Washington natives will be able to say with pride that they were pummeled by a son of President Roosevelt.

It is now announced that the planets are much smaller than was formerly supposed. Perhaps they shrink from association with the earth.

If anything can make the Kaiser take a tumble to himself it will be what he will get if he undertakes to interfere with our Monroe Doctrine.

German warships are said to be holding committee meetings in the Caribbean Sea; which causes the Monroe Doctrine to prick up its ears and growl.

A British soldier has returned from South Africa to Lowell, Mass., and found his wife married to another. The Enchanted Arden habit is apparently a growing one.

Some of the people of Indianapolis stayed in bed all day last Saturday to keep warm. It is not, then, true that they use poetic fire out there to save coal.

Twelve Indiana college presidents dine together in Chicago this week; so that if any unusual brilliance is observed in the Western sky it will not mean another Chicago fire.

A Pennsylvania woman disciplined her husband by printing his doings on posters and decorating the fences with them; and most husbands will agree that in a situation such as this divorce is a blessing.

In the opinion of the chief of the Weather Bureau, Marconi's plans for trans-Atlantic communication by wireless telegraph will be blocked by the wind. We anticipate, however, that in this notable encounter Boreas will come out second best.

Help Wanted.
While charity springs from the heart, its motive power is money. Like any enterprise, social or commercial, its success is necessarily limited by its finances, and its finances depend upon the liberality of its friends.

The ideal civilization contemplates the elimination of poverty; but there are yet no signs of the millennium. Until mankind reaches that state of average well-being where none needs have alms from another, it is the social and religious duty of the fortunate to assist the unfortunate; the responsibilities of wealth extend to regions beyond the fireside and the social circle.

Washington has numerous charities. Perhaps none is more entitled to both commendation and support than the Instructive Visiting Nurse Society. The object of this organization is to provide skilled aid for the poor in their own homes and to instruct others in the proper way to care for the afflicted. The plan is to supplement the work of hospitals, dealing with cases not received by these institutions or patients who, for reasons, require home treatment.

This excellent society has won the endorsement of all familiar with its work. The demand for its services from the poorer quarters of the city has made expansion imperative. There is not enough income to permit the management to employ additional nurses.

An appeal has been made to Washingtonians to contribute enough to enable the organization to extend its Samaritan labors. There is no better time of year to give and no more deserving object.

Early Closing in Society.

A certain social circle in New York is reported to have inaugurated a sort of early closing movement, the members having agreed to stop all dances and similar functions not later than midnight. The reason for this is that the men invited to these functions have to go down to the office next day and need their sleep, and that only by some such arrangement can they be induced to come. It will thus be seen that the motives of the fair dames and damsels concerned are not entirely altruistic. The time may come, along toward the end of the world, when there will be seven women to one man and nobody will think it strange—Scripture says so—but such a condition is scarcely desirable for a social affair at the present day.

It is queer, when one comes to realize it, the way in which the hours for social functions have been moving along toward morning. In June

Boleyn's time people had breakfast at six in the morning, dinner at eleven, supper in the afternoon, and sometimes a supplementary meal later in the evening. They went to bed, if not with the chickens, at least very long after, and nobody except highwaymen thought of sitting up all night. Perhaps they did it out of sheer wickedness.

As late as a century ago, in England's fashionable society, eleven p. m. was considered late enough for honest folk to be out. It is only within the last hundred years that people have taken to turning night into day. It has looked of late as if they intended to go around the clock and by and by hold dances in the early morning—say, from six to ten a. m.—have breakfast about sunset, and dinner during the small hours.

The Bicycle Race.
The recent long-distance bicycle race at Madison Square Garden has aroused some comment not altogether favorable. The stories which are told of the physical collapse of the men engaged in it are rather gruesome, and it seems as if there could hardly be much more sport in watching the performance than in walking through the wards of a hospital. However, tastes differ.

The trick bicyclist is entertaining, though sometimes his feats are so dangerous as to arouse in one's mind a wonderment whether there should not be a society for the prevention of cruelty to human beings. But for the most part he appears to enjoy his work, and there is an uneasy fascination in his apparent ability to defy the ordinary laws which govern matter. He has the attraction which all skillful acrobats have, for those who admire quick wits, trained muscles, and steady nerves.

But the six-day bicycle races are different. There is nothing here but a test of endurance given in an abnormal way. If the test were a ride in the open country, where a swift rider might be of practical use in certain circumstances, there might be the ghost of a reason for it; but it is not. Everything about it is artificial and calculated to put the severest kind of a strain on the muscles and nerves of the contestants. So far as any skill is concerned the men might about as well handle pick or hod. Six days without sleep, or engage in a fasting contest. It is purely a test of endurance, and not a very good one at that.

PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT WASHINGTON PEOPLE.

Mrs. S. T. Postlethwaite will contribute the programme for this afternoon in the reading room for the blind, Congressional Library.

Major and Mrs. Littlepage, of 2122 L Street, are entertaining Mrs. Isaac Hawley. Mrs. Hawley has been spending the summer and autumn in Lee, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Martin, of 909 Twenty-second Street, are expecting a visit from Mrs. Henry Bayer and daughter, now on route from Fort Wayne, N. M. Mr. W. P. Martin, Jr., of San Francisco, will join the family group for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Busiek, of the Treasury Department, has taken a house on Twenty-third Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue and will be joined by his family, who will spend the winter with him.

Kenneth, the eldest son of Mr. Will H. Mac Creag, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, who is at school at Trenton, N. J., is expected home for the holidays.

Mr. Harry C. Porter, of 3055 O Street, who was seriously hurt in a bicycle accident about six weeks ago, is almost entirely recovered and has resumed his duties in the Post Office.

Mrs. Hyland and her daughter Bessie, who spent the summer and fall in Minnesota, have opened their home on Twenty-second Street, near L.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Bernard have moved from 2122 Pennsylvania Avenue to 1919 Twenty-fourth Street. Their son Preston has recovered from his severe attack of typhoid fever and returned to school.

Mr. T. Hill Marshall, 1208 M Street, has returned from a fortnight's business trip to New York.

Mr. R. O. Hakelley, of Chicago, is visiting his friend, Mr. G. F. Hartley, of 625 B Street southeast.

Mrs. Joseph Abel has as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Strong, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Strong is visiting at 44 T Street northwest.

The Misses Inez and Nettie Bates, of Indianapolis, Ind., are visiting their cousin, Mrs. L. C. McNeal, at her residence in Georgetown.

The friends of Mr. M. C. Hodges, 1228 Thirtieth Street northwest, will be pleased to learn that his condition is considerably improved.

D. N. Roberts, of Washington, has entered into partnership with a Madison, Wis., attorney.

Mrs. Schell, 1736 F Street, has almost entirely recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. Pauline Moffat will spend the Christmas holidays with her daughters, Mrs. Edwin Tabor, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Joseph Fletcher, of Hanna More Academy, Ind. Rev. Joseph Fletcher was formerly an assistant at the Church of the Epiphany, this city.

Captain Rush, U. S. N., and family are again occupying their home in Jefferson Place.

Miss Marie Augustine Anderson has as her guests Miss Chisholm, of Pittsburgh, daughter of Mrs. Belle V. Chisholm, and Miss Irene Moore, a debutante of last year.

Mrs. Harry Turner Newcomb, of Wayne, Pa., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry M. Newcomb, at No. 1975 T street.

Miss Nellie M. Wiley, daughter of Judge U. S. Wiley, of the Indiana appellate court, is visiting her uncle, Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, Department of Agriculture.

OUR NATIONAL LEGISLATORS.

Senator Millard is a straight Republican but he does not permit partisanship to spoil a good story. "I very well remember the first time I ever met Mr. Bryan," said the Senator the other day. "It was in the Congressional campaign of 1890. A friend of mine, Connell, was running on the Republican ticket in the Lincoln district and had arranged for a series of joint debates with his Democratic opponent. He came over and asked me to sit on the platform at the opening meeting 'to add dignity to our side.' He said a young fellow named Bryan was the rival candidate."

"I went over to the meeting which was held in an opera house with some 3,000 people present. It was the campaign when they were talking a great deal about the tariff on ten-penny nails, barbed wire, wool, and the like. Connell led off, and made what I thought was a 'bang up' speech. It met my views; I thought it was all right and unanswerable. Then it was Bryan's turn."

"I can see now just how he looked. His trousers seemed too small for him and when he arose they didn't fall down to the tops of his shoes. He had on a long Prince Albert, a broad expanse of white shirt and a black string tie. I thought he would be tireless and wanted to go home. In about three minutes he warmed up, however, and he did not proceed far before he had the crowd with him, shouting, cheering, and applauding. He flayed my friend Connell right and left, wound up his argument and pitched it out of the window while the mob went wild. 'Connell seemed sick,' when Bryan got through with him, Connell looked like a live-cake of ice that had been left all the afternoon and the last of the joint debates, and I was not in the least surprised when I woke up the morning after in the hospital and learned that the young fellow named Bryan had been elected to Congress."

Senator Clapp, the tall statesman from Minnesota, who was elected to succeed Senator Davis has opinions of his own. He believes that the so-called secret sessions of the upper body of Congress are mere farces and should be abolished, and he has introduced a resolution to that effect. "These executive sessions are such laughable affairs that the American people ought to be permitted to enjoy them," said the Senator yesterday. "The older members of this body treat the sessions seriously and this makes them all the more amusing. The doors are locked. The galleries are cleared. Not a soul is permitted to pass along the corridors outside. The rusted embers of the mob went wild. 'Connell seemed sick,' when Bryan got through with him, Connell looked like a live-cake of ice that had been left all the afternoon and the last of the joint debates, and I was not in the least surprised when I woke up the morning after in the hospital and learned that the young fellow named Bryan had been elected to Congress."

Senator Hanna, Beveridge and McLaurin yesterday received and accepted invitations to attend the annual dinner of the Middlesex Club, in Boston on December 23. They have heard vague stories about Middlesex Club dinners and have begun talking so as to get into condition for the event. Senator McLaurin has been reading up on Middlesex Club dinners and has discovered that a guest must be wary as magicians are as glib and canvas backs as common chickens. Following his acceptance he was somewhat startled to receive a letter in his mail yesterday afternoon containing a circular from which started forth in large type the following: "Do you drink?"

"One thing is certain. Pain killer kills pain." The letter carriers of the country never lose an opportunity to speak a good word for Representative William Alden Smith of Michigan. For the past six years he has made an earnest and persistent fight to have the pay of the letter carriers increased, and he will receive the right during this Congress. Mr. Smith says the letter carrier is the poorest paid of all of Uncle Sam's employees, and that while Congress has from time to time granted increased compensation to large bodies of workmen like the printers, bookbinders, pressmen, etc., the man who delivers your mail in a kitchen or a rooming house has been overlooked and easily neglected.

Mr. Smith has just introduced a bill which is endorsed by the National Association of Letter Carriers, and which provides for a gradual increase in the salary of the letter carrier. Under the Smith bill a carrier starts in at a compensation of \$500 per annum, which is increased until after having served four years he gets \$1,200. Under existing law the highest salary paid a letter carrier is only \$1,000 per annum. There is a pronounced sentiment in the House in favor of the measure.

For the past three or four days Representative Hall has been before the Industrial Commission trying to convince the Agricultural Committee that making new homes on the arid domain by Government aid would not be an injurious competition to the home owners of the Middle West. In the opinion of Judge Bell there can't be too many homes in this country. He is heartily in favor of the plan, and the industrialist of that city should be the arid lands in the West. He is working hard to secure an appropriation to begin this important improvement.

The Lockjaw Enquiry.
(Philadelphia North American.)

If the testimony elicited by the lockjaw enquiry commission in St. Louis is true, the bacteriologist of that city should be prosecuted for murder and hanged if convicted. Thirteen deaths from tetanus were caused in St. Louis by antitoxin injected to physicians by the city. Of course, it was denied in St. Louis, just as it has been denied in Camden and Philadelphia, that tetanus germs were introduced with the serum, but not only was the presence of the germs proved, but the source of the infection has been disclosed.

Charleston Too Modest.
(New York Press.)

The utter irrationality and injustice of Government grants to the "expositions," which no American municipal family can do without, reach apparent finality in the case of Charleston and St. Louis. The bustling Western town gets \$5,000,000 and comes back for \$2,000,000 more. The staid Southern city starts without any Government aid at all, though \$250,000 was promised, and after the gates are open receives a tidy \$75,000 for the United States exhibit. Yet St. Louis has no claims beyond that of Charleston, save superior ability in reaching the Treasury under and superior tenacity in holding it.

Dealing With the Anarchists.
(Philadelphia Record.)

There is much good sense in the reasoning of Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, as to the proper way of dealing with anarchists. He thinks that by suppressing their meetings they are made to consider themselves martyrs. When they are allowed to talk they exploit themselves as fools.

Referred to the Detectives.
(Chicago News.)

If Washington is going to make a specialty of murder mysteries, it should get out a prospectus and try to do the thing right.

ALONG THE SKIRMISH LINE.

"I went to the rummage sale yesterday," said the landlady. "Did the chicken in this fricassee come from there?" asked the irrepressible boarder. "So he isn't such a big gun in society after all." "No; I should call him rather a smooth bore."

"I thought you were going to subscribe \$5 for the release of Miss Stone?" said the church worker, timidly. "Well," said the cautious deacon. "I did think so; but it seems to me she is likely to convert those brigands so that they will release her without pay after awhile, and if she can't do that I don't know as it's worth \$500 to keep her."

The Little Tin Banks.
Oh, the days are growing short and the nights are growing long. And the frost is white on the pane, And with Machiavellian guile youthful plotters are the while scheming for various gain. Most obliging are they, running errands, all for pay.

And they save all their candy money, Do you wonder how or why they are laying shoddy by— In the days of your youth, didn't you? Christmas holly's on the street, and the lights are all ablaze. In the windows where the Santa Claus And in most bewitching guise, each a beauty and a prize, Stand the dolls in their sweet cherubic rows. This is why we're avaricious, and it isn't counted vicious. Nor does it any comment provoke. This is how and why, in the near by-and-by, All the little tin banks will go broke.

"This penniless condition of yours," said the thrifty old gentleman to his scapgrace nephew, "comes from keeping bad company here in the West. Why, when I was your age I used to be held up as an example."

Just then a voice was heard in the aisle of the car, and the highwayman settled his pistol at the proper angle. "Yes," said he, "and you're going to be held up now as an example of the uselessness of accumulating riches. That comes of keepin' company with kevpon-cutters. Shell out."

Some women spend the months just before marriage in wondering when man will grow wings, and the years after in wondering when he will grow his horns and club foot.

"What will be the salvation of this country," said the political economist, "is the man instructed in handicraft."

"Maybe," said the disguised capitalist, "but so far, it looks to me as if there was more craft than handiness about 'em."

"They have got a way of making vinegar from prunes," said the optimistic boarder cheerfully. "Good Lord!" groaned the pessimist. "Now we'll have vinegar for dessert three times a week!"

It is all very well to have candles and other frills that go with a society income, decorating a two-course dinner, but you want to be sure that the table is not so crowded that tallow drippings get into the beefsteak.

What is the reason that when some young fellows start out to know life they turn it worse side out first?

"What's all that chatter in there?" "The-yr-e blating whist. I got out because I couldn't hear myself think. Next thing there'll be a game called 'Clatter-box,' originating in a deaf and dumb asylum."

VALUABLE RELICS STOLEN.
Priceless Washington Curios Overlooked by the Thief.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—Louis Washington, who is said to be a descendant of the George Washington family, and who lives in the Calumet bachelor apartment house, 159 West Thirty-fourth Street, was robbed yesterday of a number of valuable relics and curios, some of which he had collected from various parts of the world. A ring and pocketknife which are said to have belonged to Gen. George Washington were in the room in which the other relics had been taken, but the burglar overlooked them.

Charles Johnson, thirty-two years of age, a carpenter, who says he is out of work and has no home, is under arrest, accused of the theft. Johnson was found on the stairs of the house by William M. Heard, who says that after being questioned as to his presence in the house and giving unsatisfactory replies, he announced: "Well, you got me with the goods."

Johnson handed over an umbrella he had under his coat. It had an ivory skeleton for a handle. Then he showed a clock in a leather case. Then two other small articles, mostly of silver. He was turned over to a policeman and locked up in the West Thirtieth Street Station.

Home-Built Ships the Best.
(Boston Journal.)

The United States continues to be unimpaired in its foreign-built cruisers hastily purchased at the outbreak of the Spanish war. One of them, the Tokopa, was thoroughly refitted for the training squadron here at Boston only a short time ago, and will report on duty when she reaches Norfolk from her cruise. It is likely to be laid up there permanently. It is said that the Tokopa has required twice the amount of "cheek" that is really startling.

In his between-the-act speeches he convinces his audience that it is getting the worth of its money. He does not lay claims to art, but uses figures. For instance, a performance of "Hamlet" by his company he commends thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this play has twenty-two characters, not to mention spear-bearers, who take no active part. Now, in counting the doubles, which, I will not deceive you, exist in this representation, you in the parquette are getting actors at the rate of a cent and a half apiece. I do not hesitate to say that they are worth that. I will not mislead you, either, in respect to the play. It is my policy always to take my patrons into my confidence. 'Hamlet' is not new, nor do you pay anything for its use. However, it is a good play and develops in interest right up to the last scene. I am sure you will like it as well as you did 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' it contains nothing to offend the ladies and children. Anybody who feels that 'Hamlet' is not worth 20 cents can see by coming to next week's revival of 'Aristocracy' the latest things in men's clothes. Our leading man has had a new dress suit made especially for this production."

Use for Both.
(Baltimore Herald.)

Despite the scientific value of such an accomplishment, it is doubtful if the present cable system will ever give way to a wireless communication. The cable is equally as rapid as any wireless current, and as it possesses greater possibilities of accuracy. The projecting of a wireless current is sufficient surely to satisfy the stock broker, for instance, in reaching the Treasury under and superior tenacity in holding it.

In the Latin Quarter.
(San Francisco Argonaut.)

The fact is the Americans who go over there are the people who are keeping up the Latin Quarter's picturesque reputation. They are forcing the French to try to preserve the atmosphere as near the Henri Murer temperature as the present day and the police regulations will permit. The big business and crafty French, who are the backbone of the company, are accumulating souls, try obligingly to be as Bohemian and indisputable as is consistent with peccable tendencies and thoroughly respectable predispositions.

THE PLAYER FOLK.

Frank Perley's "Chaperons" company is spending this week in Washington putting in its spare time rehearsing a revised edition of the Ranken-Witmark piece.

George Lederer is conducting the rehearsals, which are held on the stage of the Columbia Theatre. The "Chaperons" is headed for Broadway at an early date, and Mr. Perley desires to put his best musical comedy foot forward, hence the week of preparation.

Harry Connor, who succeeds Digby Bell as Adam Hoag, the Cincinnati reformer, is industriously engaged learning the lilt of "business" that are so absolutely indispensable to the role, and promises to give a performance that will be much better than that of Mr. Bell, who failed to get the humor out of the lines or the songs allotted to him.

Louise Gunning, who has also retired from the "Chaperons," will not, contrary to common report, go to the theatre in this country anyway. Miss Gunning has for some time been in receipt of a standing offer from one of the principal music hall managers in London, and she believes that a few weeks hence will find her in London town singing the Scotch ballads that brought her so much popularity with vaudeville audiences in this country.

Mrs. Carter commenced a week's engagement in "Du Barry" at Paddy Theatre, Baltimore, last night, and the house was not large enough to accommodate the crowds that wanted to see the play. Mrs. Carter's opening at the Criterion Theatre, New York, was a splendid success. She promises to be one of the most brilliant premieres the theatregoers of Gotham have enjoyed for many a season. The Criterion will give the stage every Tuesday night to give the stage employees time to familiarize themselves with the work of setting the massive "Du Barry" scenery.

Henry Miller made his re-entry into New York as a star last night at the Savoy Theatre, presenting Louis Shipman's play, "D'Arcy of the Guard," with a good deal of success. This is the piece Miller used during his summer season in San Francisco with so much prosperity. From all accounts "D'Arcy of the Guard" will have a very long run for the next two years and do much toward offsetting the memory of the lugubrious "Richard Savage" of last season.

"Manager Chase's" musical comedy company, supporting "Ole" in Hoyland forces, is scheduled to open a new theatre at Charleston, S. C., in the near future. The organization will remain in Charleston for three weeks, presenting the repertoire that was given during the tour of Harlan and his associates at Chase's theatre. The company will also play in a number of Southern cities for periods of from one to three weeks.

J. H. Stoddard, a favorite old actor, who is being starred by Kirk La Shelle in the comedy "The Bonnie Briar Bush," is, as everybody knows, one of the gentlest and most lovable of men. But an incident of recent record shows that even the kindest soul will, upon occasion, rebel.

The Bonnie Briar Bush had just finished its run in New York and the company was on a sleeper en route for Toronto, over the New York Central. The train being an especially heavy one, the company was unable to get up until 11 o'clock when Mr. Stoddard retired. Immediately opposite the actor's section were three school teachers, two spinsters, and one of the masculine kind, who had been down to New York for a Saturday and Sunday, and had had a gay time attending a teachers' convocation or something of the sort. It was a very early Sunday evening they felt staying up and enjoying themselves. So they began to play a game. Each had a sheet of paper, and starting with the letter "B" each commenced a word beginning with that vowel, taking turns until neither person could think of any more. The one who had the most words on his sheet of paper won.

"B" went on for something over an hour, and when the letter A began to be exhausted the few words that were dragged in by their reluctant hosts occasioned much chatter and exclamation. Mr. Stoddard found it impossible to sleep, yet he hesitated to interfere. Meanwhile the game had progressed to "B" and this word was nearly exhausted. So was Mr. Stoddard's patience. "Brunette," triumphantly exclaimed one of the spinsters, a faded blonde. "The letter A, a faded blonde. 'Bizarre,' said the other spinner. "That's French," said No. 1. "So is 'Bizarre,'" said No. 2. Another silence. "Byzantium," added the male teacher, with calm superiority. "Oh, that's a fine one," said No. 1. "Lovely," said No. 2. But at this point the worm turned and Mr. Stoddard, putting his head out between the curtains, added: "Bore."

"Amen," came in a deep chorus from the whole car, and the game was discontinued. James K. Hackett's company, following the custom of many theatrical organizations, is not playing this week, and Mr. Hackett is spending a few days hunting in Virginia. He is a very enthusiastic sportsman and is usually accompanied by Mrs. Hackett—Mary Manning—and the Western tour of "Janice Meredith" commenced on the northward trip, and the companionship of his charming wife.

Brooklyn possesses one of the most unique characters connected with the theatrical profession in Corse Payton, who conducts a theatre in which his stock company gives fairly good performances of well known plays at prices ranging from ten to thirty cents for the seats. Payton was formerly a "ten, twenty, and thirty" actor on the popular priced circuit, but since his Brooklyn debut as manager, he has not strayed from the City of Churches. His personality is peculiar; he affects the bizarre in dress and possesses an amount of "cheek" that is really startling.

In his between-the-act speeches he convinces his audience that it is getting the worth of its money. He does not lay claims to art, but uses figures. For instance, a performance of "Hamlet" by his company he commends thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this play has twenty-two characters, not to mention spear-bearers, who take no active part. Now, in counting the doubles, which, I will not deceive you, exist in this representation, you in the parquette are getting actors at the rate of a cent and a half apiece. I do not hesitate to say that they are worth that. I will not mislead you, either, in respect to the play. It is my policy always to take my patrons into my confidence. 'Hamlet' is not new, nor do you pay anything for its use. However, it is a good play and develops in interest right up to the last scene. I am sure you will like it as well as you did 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' it contains nothing to offend the ladies and children. Anybody who feels that 'Hamlet' is not worth 20 cents can see by coming to next week's revival of 'Aristocracy' the latest things in men's clothes. Our leading man has had a new dress suit made especially for this production."

Brooklyn Possesses One of the Most Unique Characters Connected with the Theatrical Profession in Corse Payton.

Brooklyn possesses one of the most unique characters connected with the theatrical profession in Corse Payton, who conducts a theatre in which his stock company gives fairly good performances of well known plays at prices ranging from ten to thirty cents for the seats. Payton was formerly a "ten, twenty, and thirty" actor on the popular priced circuit, but since his Brooklyn debut as manager, he has not strayed from the City of Churches. His personality is peculiar; he affects the bizarre in dress and possesses an amount of "cheek" that is really startling.

In his between-the-act speeches he convinces his audience that it is getting the worth of its money. He does not lay claims to art, but uses figures. For instance, a performance of "Hamlet" by his company he commends thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this play has twenty-two characters, not to mention spear-bearers, who take no active part. Now, in counting the doubles, which, I will not deceive you, exist in this representation, you in the parquette are getting actors at the rate of a cent and a half apiece. I do not hesitate to say that they are worth that. I will not mislead you, either, in respect to the play. It is my policy always to take my patrons into my confidence. 'Hamlet' is not new, nor do you pay anything for its use. However, it is a good play and develops in interest right up to the last scene. I am sure you will like it as well as you did 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' it contains nothing to offend the ladies and children. Anybody who feels that 'Hamlet' is not worth 20 cents can see by coming to next week's revival of 'Aristocracy' the latest things in men's clothes. Our leading man has had a new dress suit made especially for this production."

A large representation of the local branch of the Knights of Columbus attended the performance of "Tom Moore," given by Andrew Mack at the Columbia theatre last night, and gave the star and principal members of the company a cordial reception. Mack is a member of the Knights of Columbus and usually attracts large numbers of the organization wherever he appears.

Every Day Stories of the Workings and Workers of the Departments.

Miss Ina S. Leibhardt, of the Postoffice Department, is a young woman whose ability and cleverness have won for her laurels such as come to but few women in the public service. Since the date of her original appointment, March 17, 1891, which she secured because of her capacity for performing the duties of a stenographer and typewriter, she has steadily forged her way to the front until she now occupies a position of prominence in the department which claims her services. As a rule the women of the department content themselves or have to be content with subordinate clerical positions. There are some notable exceptions, however, and the case of Miss Leibhardt is one of them. In a few months ago she had for some time been a clerk of Class 2 in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster General. Among her colleagues she was recognized as a woman possessing a business grasp of the common with those of her sex. Her ability as a shorthand writer caused her to come under the eye of the department heads, and when she performed her secretarial duties with rare accuracy and that intelligence which seems a gift in an official career, she was promoted to a class of work, it was not surprising that she was tacitly slated for particular honors. These came when the rural free delivery service, as talked of by the department, became a reality. Miss Leibhardt was the selection for chief of this bureau of the Postoffice Department, and as such is added to her record by the administration of the office which more than justifies the belief in her executive powers which was entertained by the high officials who placed her in such a responsible position.

Gustav Friebus, head draftsman of the Office of Indian Affairs, is a busy official. There has been great activity during recent years in the construction of Indian schools, in order to carry out the educational policy of the Interior Department, with reference to the new generation of Indian children. All these new school buildings have been constructed upon the most approved modern plans, with attention to all the details of sanitation, heat, light, and sewerage. Moreover, architectural beauty has been taken into consideration. The preparation of the specifications and drawings connected with so many enterprises of this sort has been a herculean task, the direction of which has involved great labor on the part of Mr. Friebus. The best evidence of his success is found in a number of Indian schools on some of the Western reservations. His duties have been complicated by similar structures in the populous eastern part of the Mississippi River. Mr. Friebus is always the artist, not only as regards the construction of the buildings, but in a broader sense in order to give higher fields of endeavor. His home at the corner of U and Porter Place abounds in beautiful pictures, statuary and bric-a-brac such as naturally find its way to the living place of a connoisseur. Mr. Friebus is an uncle of Theodore Friebus, lately a member of the "Lafayette Stock."

Seymour W. Bunyea, third assistant examiner in division 22, Firearms, Fish and Game, is a man who has been connected with the Interior Department since August 8, 1882, his first few years of service being as a special pension examiner in the field, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio. Always of an ingenious and mechanical turn of mind, Mr. Bunyea naturally drifted into the Patent Office during the administration of Hon. Martin V. Montgomery as Commissioner, who had been almost a neighbor to him in his native State of Michigan. Mr. Bunyea's years were spent at Potomac, right on big Lake Michigan, and close to the great forests for which the "Wolverine State" is famous. It was appropriate, therefore, that he should be assigned to a division of the Patent Office dealing with that class of inventions with which he was most at home, to wit: "Fishing and Trapping," and the building of boats. Even as a boy he was skilled in the art of boat building and always constructed the little craft which he used in his fishing. He was water to angle for the